

A Woman's Charm

Beautiful hair, lustrous, abundant and free from dandruff, is one of woman's greatest charms—it's her main delight—yet many who would be most attractive but for their thin, streaked, and lifeless hair, think there is no remedy and that pretty hair is a gift of nature. Beautiful hair is really the matter of care and attention. Parisian Sage, when rubbed into the scalp and applied to the hair, will work wonders—you will be surprised and delighted with the first application—not only will the hair appear abundant, soft, fluffy, radiant with life, but really doubly beautiful. Parisian Sage supplies hair and scalp needs. It surely removes dandruff with one application and cleanses the hair of all dirt and excessive oil. It is an inexpensive, scientific tonic, and contains nothing to injure the hair or scalp. It can be secured from F. D. Pierce or at any drug store.

Sold and guaranteed in Orleans by F. J. Kinney.

Estate of Orlando V. Joslyn

STATE OF VERMONT
District of Orleans, ss.
The Honorable Probate Court for the District of Orleans.

To all persons interested in the estate of Orlando V. Joslyn late of Barton in said district of Orleans deceased: GREETING: WHEREAS, said Court has assigned the 11th day of September next for examining and allowing the claims of creditors of the estate of said deceased, and for a decree of the residue of said estate to the lawful claimants of the same and ordered that at public notice thereof be given to all persons interested in said estate by publishing this order three weeks successively previous to the day assigned, in the Orleans County Monitor, a newspaper published at Barton, in said District, and ordered that all persons interested in said estate appear at F. W. Baldwin's Office in Barton, in said District, at 12 o'clock p.m. on the day assigned, then and there to contest the allowance of said account if you see cause, and to establish your right as heirs, legatees, and lawful claimants to said residue.

Given under my hand this 3d day of August, 1914.
B. M. SPOONER, Register

Estate of Almira A. Daniels

STATE OF VERMONT
District of Orleans, ss.
The Honorable Probate Court for the District of Orleans.

To all persons interested in the estate of Almira A. Daniels, late of Greensboro, in said District deceased: GREETING: At a Probate Court, holden at Newbury, within and for said district on the 22nd day of August, 1914 an instrument purporting to be the last Will and Testament of Almira A. Daniels late of Greensboro in said district deceased was presented to the Court aforesaid, for Probate.

And it is ordered by said Court that the 11th day of September, 1914 at F. W. Baldwin's Office in Barton, in said District at 2:30 o'clock p. m. be assigned for proving said instrument; and that notice thereof be given to all persons concerned, by publishing this order three weeks successively in the Orleans County Monitor, a newspaper circulating in that vicinity, in said District, previous to the time appointed. THEREFORE, you are hereby notified to appear before said Court, at the time and place aforesaid, and contest the probate of said will, if you have cause.

Given under my hand at Newbury, in said District, this 22nd day of August, 1914.
B. M. SPOONER, Register.

FOR SALE

Nearly 200 Bred Sows for August and September farrow, including O. I. C., Yorkshires, Poland Chinas, Essex, Chesters, Berkshires and Mulefeet.

About 125 young boars, two to six months old, O. I. C., Poland Chinas, Essex, Yorkshires, Chesters and Berkshires.

Pigs shipped at two months old in lots to suit purchaser, from one to a carload. We do not get fancy prices, and we guarantee shipment of nice stock. We have approximately 5000 head to select from.

New England Live Stock Co.
PEABODY, MASS.

Vermont Municipal Bonds

Parties wishing to buy or sell Vermont County, Town, Village, or School District Bonds, taxable or non-taxable, will find it to their interest to communicate with the Lamont County Savings Bank and Trust Co., at Hyde Park Vt.

This Bank is always in the market for Vermont Municipal Bonds, and it always has a line of first-class Vermont bonds, either taxable or non-taxable, to offer.

HEED THE WARNING

Many Barton People Have Done So.

When the kidneys are weak they give unmistakable warnings that should not be ignored. By examining the urine and treating the kidneys upon the first sign of disorder, many days of suffering may be saved. Weak kidneys usually exude a dark, ill-smelling urine, full of "brickdust" sediment and painful in passage. Sluggish kidneys often cause a dull pain in the small of the back, headaches, dizzy spells, tired, languid feelings and frequent rheumatic twinges.

Doan's Kidney Pills are for the kidneys only. There is no better recommended remedy.

Barton people endorse Doan's Kidney Pills.

Charles Brooks, Water St., Barton, says: "My kidneys annoyed me constantly and I suffered from lameness and pains across my loins. I did not rest well and mornings felt stiff and lame. Three boxes of Doan's Kidney Pills, procured from Barron Co.'s Drug store, relieved me and I have had no trouble since."

Price 50 cents at all dealers. Don't simply ask for a kidney remedy—get Doan's Kidney Pills—the same that Mr. Brooks had. Foster-Milburn Co., Props., Buffalo, N. Y.

G. J. Oben & Co., Newport, Vt.

VERMONT FARMS
Real Estate of all Descriptions
For Sale or Exchange
SEND FOR BIG CATALOGUE

The Secret of Lonesome Cove

By
Samuel Hopkins Adams

Copyright, 1912, by the Bobbs-Merrill Company

The Aid of the Stars.

THEY left the elder groaning at his door and went to look up Dimmock, the rummage man. But he was wholly unable to throw any light on the former owner of the reports in which the drawing had been tucked away. There the investigation seemed to be up against a blank wall.

"Isn't it astounding?" said Sedgwick. "Here's a portrait antedating 1830 of a woman who has just died, young. What was the woman I saw—a revenant in the flesh?"

"If you ask me," said Kent slowly, "I should say, rather, an imitation."

Further he would not say, but insisted on returning to the Nook. As they arrived the telephone bell was ringing with the weary persistence of the long unanswered. To Kent's query Lawyer Bain's voice announced:

"I've been trying to get you for an hour."

"Sorry," said Kent. "Is it about the newspapers?"

"Yes," said the lawyer. "I've got the information." And he stated that four newspapers went regularly to Hedgerow house—the New York Star and Messenger and the Boston Eagle and Alexander Blair and the Boston Free Press to Wilfrid Blair.

Sedgwick set the Elliott sketch beside the copy and compared them for a time. Then he fell to wandering desolately about the studio. Suddenly he turned, walked over to his friend and laid a hand on his shoulder.

"Kent, for the love of heaven, can't you do something for me?"

"You mean about the girl?"

Sedgwick nodded. "I can't get my mind to stay on anything else. Even this infernal puzzle of the pictures doesn't interest me for more than the minute. The longing for her is eating the heart out of me."

"My dear Frank," said the other quietly, "if there were anything I could do, don't you think I'd be doing it? It's a very dark tangle."

"If there were only something to do!" fretted the artist. "It's this cursed inaction that is getting my nerve!"

"If that's all," returned Kent slowly, "I'll give you something to do. And I fancy," he added grimly, "it will be sufficiently absorbing to take your mind from your troubles for a time at least."

"Bring it on. I'm ready."

"All in good time. Meantime I am seriously thinking, my dear young friend," said Kent solemnly, "of consulting an astrologer."

"You're crazy," retorted Sedgwick.

"I wish I were for a few hours," said Kent, with entire seriousness. "It might help."

"Well, that's where I'll be if you don't find something for me to do soon. So come on and materialize this promised activity."

"If you regard a trip to the Martindale Public library as activity I can furnish that much excitement."

"What are you going to do there?"

"Consult the files of the newspapers and pick out a likely high class astrologer from the advertisements."

"That has a mild nutty flavor, but it doesn't excite any profound emotion in me except concern for your sanity."

"You've said that before," retorted Kent. "However, I'm not sure I shall take you with me anyway."

"Then that isn't the coming adventure?"

"No; nothing so mild and innocuous."

"Are you asking me to run some danger? Is it to see her?" said Sedgwick eagerly.

"Leave her out of it for the present. There is no question of seeing her now. There's an enterprise forward which, if it fails, means the utter damning of reputation. What do you say?"

"What's the inducement?"

"The probable clearing up of the case we're on. When I come to tackle it I may find that one man could do it alone. But—"

"Wait. You're going into it, are you?"

"Oh, certainly!"

"With or without me?"

"Yes."

"Why couldn't you have said so at first and saved this discussion?" cried his host. "Of course if you're in for it, so am I. But what about your reputation?"

"It's worth a good deal to me," confessed the scientist. "And I can't deny I'm staking it all on my theory of this case. If I'm wrong—well, it's about the finds of my career."

"See here, Chet!" broke out his friend. "Do you think I'm going to let you take that kind of a chance for me?"

"It isn't for you," declared the other with irritation. "It's for myself. Can't you understand that this is my case? Do you care to run over to the library?"

No? Well, for the rest of the evening I can be found—no; I cannot be found, though I'll be there—in room 571."

"All right," said Sedgwick. "You needn't fear any further intrusion. But when is our venture?"

"Tomorrow night," replied Kent. "Wilfrid Blair having officially died, as per specifications, today."

Trout are a tradition rather than a prospect in Sundayman's creek. Some, indeed, consider them a myth. Hope springs eternal in the human breast, however, and a fisherman, duly equipped, might have been observed testing the upper reaches of the stream on the morning of July 10. Although his rod and tackle were of the best, his apparel was rough, not to say, scruffy. An old sloop hat was drawn down over his forehead and staring blue glasses sheltered his eyes against the sun, which was sufficiently obscured—for most tastes—by a blanket of gray cloud, promising rain.

The rumble of a vehicle distracted his attention, and he looked up to observe with curiosity a carriage full of strangers pass across the bridge. The strangers were all in black. The angler looked away again and turned to continue his hopeful progress toward the bend. Not until he had rounded the curve did he pause for rest. He was waiting for the funeral service of Wilfrid Blair.

Notices in the Boston and New York papers had formally designated the burial as "Private." That invaluable aid, Lawyer Adam Bain, who seemed to have his fingers on the pulse of all the county's activities, had informed Kent that telegraphic summonses had gone out to a few near relatives and that the relatives, together with a clergyman, were expected that morning.

For a patient hour longer Kent's questing flies explored unresponsive nooks and corners. At the end of that time he sighted a figure coming from Hedgerow house and dodged into a covert of sumac. The glass brought out clearly the features of Alexander Blair, set, stern and pale. Blair walked swiftly to the willow thicket where lay Captain Hogg and his unnamed victims, looked down into the raw fresh excavation and turned away. Another man, issuing from the house, joined him. From his gestures Alexander Blair seemed to be explaining and directing. Finally both returned to the house.

"Handling the whole business himself," commented Kent. "I like his courage anyway."

Half an hour afterward the little funeral procession moved from the house. There was no hearse. Six men carried the coffin. They were all



He Could Hear the Faint Murmur of the Words.

strangers to Kent, and their clothes gave obvious testimony of city origin. Half a dozen other men and three women heavily veiled followed. Kent thrust his glass into his pocket and lifted his rod again. By the time the clergyman had begun the service Kent was close to the obstructing fence. He could hear the faint, solemn murmur of the words. Then came the lowering of the casket. The onlooker marked the black and silver sumptuousness of it and thought of the rough hemlock box that inclosed the anonymous body in Annalake churchyard. And as his fly met the water he smiled a little, grim, wry smile.

It was over soon. The black clad group drifted away. One member paused to glance with curiosity at the roughly clad angler making his way up stream, for Kent judged it wise to absent himself now, foreseeing the advent of one keener eyed than the mourners, whose scrutiny he did not desire to tempt. Shortly Gansett Jim came to the grave. Hastily and carelessly he pitched in the earth, tramped it down and returned. Carriages rolled to the door of Hedgerow house and rolled away again, carrying the mourners to their train. Not until then did Kent snug up his tackle and take the road.

No sooner had he reached the hotel and changed into dry clothes than he made haste to the Nook and thus addressed Sedgwick. "Now I'm your man for that tennis match."

Kent played as he worked, with concentration and tenacity, backing up technical skill. Against his dogged attack Sedgwick's characteristically more brilliant game was unavailing, though the contest was not so uneven but that the contest was not so uneven but that the conclusion of the third set they sought a breathing space on the terraced bank back of the court.

"That's certainly a good nerve sedative," said the artist, breathing hard.

"and not such rotten tennis for two aged relics of better days like ourselves."

"Not so bad by any means," agreed his opponent cheerfully. "If you had stuck to lobbing I think you'd have had me in the second set. Wonder how our spectator enjoyed it?" he added, lowering his voice. "Don't be abrupt about it, but just take a look at that illac corpse on the crest of the hill."

"Can't see any one there," said Sedgwick.

"No more can I. Look at the bird on that young willow. You can see for yourself it's trying to impart some information."

"I see a grasshopper sparrow in a state of some nervousness. But grasshopper sparrows are always fidgety."

"This particular one has reason to be. She has a nest in that illac patch. A few minutes ago she went toward it with a worm in her beak, hastily dropped the worm and came out in a great state of mind; hence I judge there is some intruder near her home."

"Any guess who it is?"

"Why, it might be Gansett Jim," replied Kent in a louder voice. "Though it's rather stupid of him to pick out a bird inhabited bush as a hiding place."

The illac bush shook a little, and Gansett Jim came forth.

"He went to Carr's Junction," said the half breed curtly.

"You found his trail?" asked Kent. The other nodded. "This morning," he said.

"Find anything else?"

"No, I kill him if I get him!" He turned and vanished over the rise of ground back of the court.

"Now what does that mean?" demanded Sedgwick in amazement.

"That is Gansett Jim's apology for suspecting you," explained Kent. "He is our ally now, and this is his first information. What a marvelous thing the bulldog strain in a race is! Nobody but an Indian would have kept to an almost hopeless trail as he has done."

"The trail of the real murderer?" cried Sedgwick.

Kent shook his head. "You're still obsessed with dubious evidence," he remarked. "Let me see your timetable."

Having studied the schedules that the artist produced for him, he nodded considerably. "Boston it is, then," he said. "As I thought, Sedgwick, I'm off for two or three days of travel—if we get through this night without disaster."

CHAPTER XIV.

Digging.

NIGHT came on in murk and mist. As the clouds gathered thicker, Chester Kent's face took on a more and more satisfied expression. Sedgwick, on the contrary, gloomed sorely at the suspense. From time to time Kent thrust a hand out of the window. Shortly after midnight there was a splutter of rain on the roof.

"The time has come for action," said Kent. "Be thankful. Get on your coat."

Sedgwick brightened at once. "Right-o!" he said. "Get your lamps lighted and I'll be with you."

"No lights. Ours is a deep, dark, desperate, devilish, dime novel design. Got a spade and a pick? If you haven't a pick, two spades will do. In fact, they'll be better."

Sedgwick's heart froze. He visioned the wet soil of Annalake burying ground, heaped above a loose hasped pine box.

"Good God! Is it that?" he muttered. He went out into the dark, presently returning with the tools. Kent took them out and disposed them in the car.

"Get in," he directed.

"If we had to do this, Kent," said Sedgwick, shuddering in his seat, "why haven't we done it before?"

The other turned on the power. "You're on the wrong track, as usual," he remarked. "It couldn't be done before."

"Well, it can't be done now," cried the artist in sudden sharp excitement. Annalake burying ground is watched. Lawyer Bain said as much. Don't you remember? He told us that the house next door is occupied by an old sleepless asthmatic, who spends half her nights in her window overlooking the graves."

The car shot forward again. "Is that all?" asked Kent.

"Isn't it enough?"

"Hardly. We're not going within miles of Annalake."

"Then our night's work is not?"

Kent could feel his companion's revolt at the unuttered word and supplied it for him.

"Grave robbery? It is."

"Where?"

"In a private burying ground on the Blair's estate."

"Wilfrid Blair's grave? When was the funeral?"

"This morning. I was among those present, though I don't think my name will be mentioned in the papers."

"Why should you have been there?"

"Oh, set it down to vulgar curiosity," said Kent.

"Probably you'd say the same if I asked you the motive for this present expedition. I suppose you fully appreciate the chance we are taking?"

"Didn't I tell you that it was rather more than a life and death risk?"

Something cold touched Sedgwick's hand in the darkness. His fingers closed around a flask. "No; no Dutch courage for me. Where is this place?"

"On Sundayman's creek, some fourteen miles from the Nook as the motorcar flies."

"Fourteen miles," repeated Sedgwick musingly, following a train of thought that suddenly glowed, a beacon light of hope. "And these Blairs have some

Continued on page six

CALEDONIA COUNTY.

The late Col. Proctor's regiment, the 15th Vermont, held its 22d annual reunion at St. Johnsbury, Sept. 2. It has been customary to hold the reunion on June 1, the birthday of Col. Proctor, but, owing to conflicting dates, the time was changed this year. Twenty-seven members of the regiment were present and as many visitors from other regiments. The following officers were elected: Colonel, E. R. Cobb of South Albany; Lieut. Colonel, A. N. Whitlaw of Ryegate; major, Andrew Aiken of Wells River; adjutant, J. T. Gleason of Lyndonville.

The midsummer meeting of the Caledonia Forest and Stream club and the Caledonia County Farmers' association was held Wednesday on the fair grounds. A banquet was served at noon. President W. J. Bigelow presented the speakers: N. O. Hadley of Peterboro, N. H., a member of the New Hampshire board of agriculture; John B. Burnham of New York, president of the American Game Protective Propagation society; E. H. Hallett, president of the Farmers' association, and S. N. Stimson, county agent. The speakers and officers were the guests that evening of Theodore N. Vail at the Speedwell farms.

WEST BURKE

Mrs. Kate Fowler is improving.

Mrs. Chas. Rhodes of Hortorville is visiting relatives in town.

Dale Atwood of St. Johnsbury visited at L. G. Roundy's last week.

Miss Glenn Roundy spent Sunday with friends in St. Johnsbury.

H. I. Foster and family spent Sunday with relatives in Charleston.

Sherburn Bailey of Newport Center, was the guest of Miss Eva Rosebrooks, last week.

Mrs. Dickerman and daughter, Mattie, spent Sunday with relatives in Littleton, N. H.

Mrs. Eugene Clement and daughter, Myrtle Gaskell, of Lyndon visited friends in town Saturday.

Miss Julia Stuart of St. Johnsbury was the guest of Mrs. Mattie Coe, during a part of last week.

Wallace Bowman has built a barber shop on the end of his house and will soon be ready for business.

Mrs. Delia Foster, who has been visiting her daughter, at Milton Mills, N. H., returned home Friday.

Mrs. Lorinda Marshall, who has been spending most of the summer with her son, returned home last week.

The Woman's club had a very enjoyable meeting at the home of Mrs. Ellen Smith on Saturday afternoon of last week.

Mrs. Geo. Eggleston and son of Canaan Center, N. H., were the guests of Dr. and Mrs. Jenkins last week.

Howard Monroe, who has been spending the past two weeks with his cousin, Walter Gaskell, returned to his home in Boston, on Monday.

Miss Celia Spencer, who has been ill in Florence, Italy, for several weeks, is much better, and it is supposed she sailed for home Aug. 22.

Mrs. Streeter of Cambridge, Mass., Mr. Calkins of West Charleston and Mrs. Kate and Mr. Stoddard of St. Johnsbury have been visiting at Mrs. Louise Stoddard's.

SHEFFIELD

The grange fair week will be held Sept. 23.

Mr. and Mrs. H. P. Simpson are stopping in town for a few days.

The state meeting of the D. of L., is to be held with Lyndonville Council Sept. 17.

There will be no services on the Hill Sunday as the pastor will be attending the yearly meeting.

Rev. W. H. Bishop goes to Waterbury Center this week to attend the yearly meeting which is to convene there. Mr. Parke, a former pastor here, is preaching in that place.

M. E. CHURCH NOTES

Tent meetings are being held every evening to commence at 7.30 p. m.

Rev. John Robinson of Evansville has been assisting the pastor of the M. E. church in these meetings, which have so far been very successful.

The prayer meeting will be held in the tent, weather permitting on Thursday evening to commence at 7.30 p. m.

Quilt party on Friday, supper from 5 o'clock until all are served.

There will be a service at the M. E. church as usual on Sunday next in the morning at 10.30 a. m. Subject, "The Christian Church." At this service several will be received into full membership of the church.

In the evening the C. E. society will meet in the M. E. church. Leader, Miss Edith Elvia Gray. Subject, "What is a Good Education?"

SUTTON NORTH RIDGE

Mr. and Mrs. Badger of St. Johnsbury are visiting at Oren Curtis's.

A. A. Webster and family of West Glover are visiting his sister, Mrs. E. F. Clark.

The box supper at the schoolhouse Friday night proved very enjoyable and was a financial success.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Brown of Smith Mills and Mrs. Schoolcraft of Newport spent Sunday at Ernest McShane's.

Miss Mattie Sias of East Burke is visiting friends on the Ridge. Mr. and Mrs. Sias are also visiting here.

Mrs. Ernest Wilcox and children of Cambridge, Mass., spent Wednesday and Thursday at Mr. and Mrs. McShane's.

Durward McShane, Mona Richardson, Fred McFarlin, Charlotte McFarlin, Morrill Curtis, Belle Fairbanks and Louise Fairbanks started school at Lyndon Monday, Morrill Curtis taking the agricultural course. Raymond Miles started at St. Johnsbury academy Monday.

"I Have a Great Work In Hand."—Cicero.

Each and Every Part of Humanity

has a great work in hand—their own destiny.

Often four eyes are better than two in tracing the river of success to its source, and many a couple can trace the successful river of their lives to small beginnings started in the right direction

The Savings Bank is a persistent reminder of the necessity that lies on every one to provide for future needs

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